

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

VOL. 9.

OCTOBER, 1847.

NO. 1.

LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

NO. VIII.

MY DEAR ALICE—I promised you to try to recall what I saw and heard of the Indians on my journey to the West, and to tell you what impression they made on my mind, and anything in short which I could remember of them. I take real pleasure in doing this, for my interest in this much injured race is very great; next to the poor Africans, they have been the most cruelly treated by their white brethren.

The first sight I ever had of the Indians was on one Sunday morning on the way to Niagara. It was just before the party I belonged to arrived at the place where we meant to pass the Sunday. I forget the name of the place, and so cannot tell you just where it was, but the whole scene I well and distinctly remember.

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It was a beautiful morning ; we were passing through a fine wood, and presently we came to a level circular opening, very green and smooth. A small church stood a little back in the centre. Tall forest trees rose behind it and shaded the unpretending building ; the green arms of the forest seemed to encompass it at a respectful distance. Through numerous narrow paths slowly and reverently came the worshippers, and among them several Indians. All were dressed in their holiday clothes. Presently came one noble looking red man, with a woman of his own race walking by his side. Both of them looked superbly ; the woman's dress was wrought all over with beads of all colors ; they were clothed in the Indian fashion ; it was a chief and his wife. They had been converted to Christianity, but retained their love for the fashions and customs of their people. The man walked as if he thought the soil he trod on was his own, and proudly and like a monarch he approached the little church with his wife and entered the low door, and joined the small gathering of Christians assembled there.

I could not help musing mournfully over the history of this much injured people, and remembering the fact that we have set before them only the outward forms and dead ceremonials of the religion of the Prince of Peace. We preach to them of truth and justice and love and peace, of a future retribution, while we are stealing their lands, breaking our promises, and setting them the example of every vice. Shall we not be judged for these things ? We carry the Bible to them in one hand and rum in the other. We build churches for them, and teach them creeds, and forget to do justice and love mercy.

I shall never forget the picturesque appearance of these sons of the forest as they issued from the narrow paths through the woods on their way to this little church, and my pain at the thought of the inconsistency of our dealings with them.

It was mournful to see the Indians in Detroit coming out of the drinking shops, and when you met them walking in the streets, if they were not drunk, they seemed to have lost their manly step and confidence. We afterwards saw straggling parties in the Michigan woods, as we passed through this State, in their gala dresses, riding furiously as we were told to a council to be held in some favorite wild spot. They had some of them little bells fastened to their leggins or gaiters, and every kind of wild fancy was exhibited in their dress; as they rode past us, they appeared to me to have a look of defiance.

While sailing on Lake Michigan, we continually saw Indian wigwams on the shore; the women would be cooking in the front of them, and the men and the children lying on the ground looking at them, or at the blue arch over their heads, or the blue waters of the great lake, while waiting for their meal to be ready. This scene would sometimes be at sunsise, or at sunset which made the whole more beautiful. Now and then we saw a tall Indian standing alone on some promontory, looking out upon the great lake and perhaps mourning over the fallen fortunes of his nation, and looking as it seemed to me with an angry eye upon the ship we were in, and thinking that but for such a tremendous instrument, we should never have become possessed of their hunting and fishing grounds. Nothing can be more graceful and

beautiful than a tall Indian in his canoe taking fish with a spear. Well do I remember one we saw one morning early. He had a boy to guide his little cockle shell as it looked to be, while he stood upright balancing himself upon the prow with a long spear in his hand with which he now and then pierced a fish—his perfectly easy attitude, his finely formed naked legs and arms, and his blanket fastened so gracefully around him, was a study for an artist, and he would have borne a fair comparison with the Apollo for manly grace.

I asked the people at the inns many questions about the Indians, and the answer invariably was, in favor of their honesty. Rum it was that caused all their sins, it made them idle, it inflamed their passions, and was the cause of their poverty. The whites, as is well known, have often intoxicated the Indians and then bargained with them for their beautiful lands. When the poor fellow awakes from his drunken dream, he finds he has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. And this wickedness has been perpetrated by men who call themselves disciples of him who taught men to do unto others as they would have them do unto them. Is it strange that the most powerful and intelligent of the Indians resist the efforts we make to Christianize them?

One little evidence of their honesty we ourselves experienced. At one inn in Michigan where we stopped for fresh horses we found a number of Indians with their boys with them, each one of them with a bow and arrow in his hand. One of our party who wished to see them shoot, placed a quarter of a dollar upon a little ledge in a post, and said that they might shoot at it, and whoever hit it should have it. In a moment all the arrows flew,

the piece of money fell, and the one who said he brought it down took it up. The Indian men came forward and said, No, the money had not been touched by the arrow, no one had a right to it who did not actually hit it. He then put it up in such a way that it could not fall unless it was hit, and soon one of the young archers won the prize fairly.

A lady from Washington, who felt, with me, a great interest in these injured people, told me the following characteristic story which she had heard of an Indian, and which she said was well authenticated.

Two young Indians were in love with the same woman. She was a beautiful girl, the daughter of one of their braves. The father took it upon himself to decide which of the young men should be the favored lover. He declared that whichever of them should bring him the first scalp, should have his daughter.

The scalp, you know, is a piece of the flesh taken from the front part of the head with the hair on it, and is a proof that the Indian has killed his enemy, and is considered a precious trophy. The more scalps a warrior can show, the more honor he receives.

One lover returned the next day with a scalp to lay at the feet of his mistress. He was sure that he should win the prize, for no one was braver than he — no enemy could resist his prowess — and he threw down his bloody trophy with a look of triumph, and the full assurance that the prize was his. But what was his surprise and anger at seeing standing before him the accepted lover of the object of his affections. He had brought his scalp the evening of the day before, and laid it at the feet of his beloved. In a fit of rage and despair he left the

field to his successful rival. It was the first time he had ever been conquered.

Presently the beautiful Indian girl asked her lover why he wore a bandage on his head all the time, and she saw his eyes were inflamed and that he looked ill. His head ached, he said. For a few days he was very ill; she visited him, and at last discovered that the scalp he had brought her was taken from his own head. She felt that he was indeed the true lover, and as soon as he recovered she became his happy bride.

I wish I could give you some idea of the scalp-dance which I witnessed when I was in Chicago. It is danced by one person; a gentleman who had spent his early days among the Indians was kind enough to dance it for our entertainment. One of his friends played for him on an Indian instrument. The tune is made for the dance. The performer enters in a stooping attitude, and appears anxious, and dances stooping, looking as if he feared a secret foe; he then looks carefully round him; this he does for a long time, till you almost think some one is there. At last he stands still, then he appears pleased, for he has seen his enemy at a distance. Now he stoops still lower, and moves on slowly to the music like a snake. Then he lies down with his eye fixed. You understand his enemy must pass him. At last he looks more keenly, more fiercely, more intently, and makes himself very small, and lies very still; he shows by his manner that his prey is approaching; the music ceases; more and more satisfied, more and more eager, but still keeping himself still as death, only by his eye he shows that his enemy is at hand—at last he darts like an eagle upon his prey, the left hand extended to

seize the hair of the head of his victim, and the other brandishing a knife with which he is to cut off the scalp. It is a trick of the person who dances this dance to dart at one of the spectators as if he was the person whose scalp he was going to take; this gentleman sprang at me, and for a moment I was much frightened, for the whole was as a real thing to me, so admirably was it performed.

A very interesting lady who had been much among the Indians, and whose husband was one of the government agents to see to the distribution of the food and money which by treaty was due them annually as a small compensation for the loss of their beautiful hunting grounds, told me that nothing could exceed the beautiful reverence and courtesy of their treatment of her, when living among them. She related to me a story of a noble old sachem that pleased and touched me much.

There was one season, she said, when there was in their part of the country a great scarcity of food. All suffered much from it. The Indians, who know little of agriculture, depend upon hunting, and having lost their hunting grounds, suffered most. This lady's husband, who as I said before was the agent for the government, and lived in the fort of which he was the commander, did all he could to help the poor creatures. A vessel loaded with provisions was delayed by storms; day after day she was looked for in vain. The famine increased. During the short daylight, for it was winter, you would see the melancholy, hungry looking Indians scattered about on the high grounds, or upon tall trees, looking for the hoped for vessel that was to bring them food. But not a sail was to be seen. At last the famine

fever began. Soon there was only here and there one whose eye was clear enough to look over the cold blue waters in the anxious hope of relief.

At last one morning the old chief came to the fort and asked for the commander. He told him that his tribe had now nothing more to eat, except what they could find in the woods, and that if they had not food, soon they must die; that many of them could not live two days longer, and begged him for something ever so little. The agent told him that he had only a small supply for his own family, but truly nothing for them; that all the government supplies were entirely exhausted; that what he had of his own for himself and household would soon be gone too. "And what I have," he said, "could not feed your tribe if you were to have it all, but I can and will give you a part of my own allowance, small as it is, for yourself and your own family; you can at least save your own and their lives."

The old chief replied, "No; if I cannot have something for all my starving people, I will take nothing for myself and family; we will die with them." And he left the fort.

The next day the weather and wind were fair. All day long they looked in vain for the expected vessel. At last, just as the sun was setting, and as many of the poor Indians cast their fainting looks patiently and silently at the last rays glittering on the wide, lonely lake, a white speck at a distance was discerned by the commander of the fort. "A sail," he cried. "A sail!" sounded from every quarter. All the wigwams poured forth their emaciated dusky inhabitants, who gathered together on the beach to watch the small

white speck as it grew bigger and bigger and came nearer and nearer, and at last made for the landing. Soon the noble-hearted old sachem had the happiness of seeing his people fed.

Surely this poor Indian, whether he had the name of Christian, or was called a heathen, was a true follower of Jesus in his generous self-denial and devotion to his brethren.

I hope, dear Alice, you may find some interest in these few reminiscences of what I saw and heard of the native inhabitants of this our beautiful country.

One more characteristic thing of them I heard a short time since. A lady who had just come from the White Mountains, told me that she heard from some one, while there, that it is said that no Indian has ever been known to go up Mount Washington. They say that it is the abode of the Great Spirit, and they consider it sacrilege to attempt it.

We who believe that the Great Spirit dwells in the lowliest vale, and the humblest human heart, as truly as on the summit of every Heaven-kissing hill, may smile at the superstition of the Indian, but may we not learn from him a lesson of reverence for the Great Mysterious Power who "looketh on the earth and it trembleth; who toucheth the hills and they smoke; who by his strength setteth fast the mountains?"

E. L. F.

BEAUTY AND UGLINESS,

WITH A TRUE ANECDOTE.

I SUPPOSE almost every little boy and girl has read the fairy story of Order and Disorder. They have seen in their mind's eye the little girl whose tears flowed so fast at the confused jumble of letters which were to be so placed by her as to make from them a poem; and then the tangled silk, which as another trial of her patience, was given her to arrange in regular skeins; and all to be done at a certain time. It seems that it was Disorder who had put the silk into such a confused mass, and who had so confounded the letters of the poem, that it could not be read; and that it was Order, who, by her touch, made a poem appear from the jumble of letters, and from the snarl of silk produced pretty skeins which could be wound and used.

Besides the fairies, Order and Disorder, there are also others, who come from fairy land to visit children, and grown people too. Two of these, I will now mention, called Beauty and Ugliness. There was once a little girl whom this first fairy, Beauty, loved very much, and who always accompanied her in her walks and visits. This little girl did not know anything of the second fairy, Ugliness, till one afternoon when she accompanied an aunt of hers upon a visit to an acquaintance. As she did not know anything of the person whom her aunt went to see, she amused herself with looking about the room, while her attendant fairy directed her attention to

the beautiful flowers that were placed in different parts of it. While she was admiring their brilliant colors and graceful forms, her attention was arrested by harsh and discordant sounds from the lady her aunt was conversing with ; she turned from the flowers to look at her, and found her face flushed with anger, and she looked so ugly while so excited, that the child who was only five years old, could not forget it, and related the circumstance when she got home, saying, " The lady was in a great passion, and only think, her room was all the time full of beautiful flowers."

Though this little girl was so young, her attendant fairy, Beauty, had made her see the ugliness of bad temper, and she felt the difference there was between the beautiful flowers and the ugly tones and looks of the passionate lady. The fairy, Beauty, had opened her eyes to the works of God, and made her feel that in the presence of the flowers which his hand had formed, that it was a strange thing to see the eye which should brighten in their presence, clouded with bad passion, and the voice which should have spoken of his beautiful works, choked with the utterance of ugly sounds.

Is it not well for young people who are setting out on the journey of life, to ask themselves which of these two companions they will call from the fairy land to accompany them on their way, whether Ugliness, or Beauty, shall attend them in their walks, their plays, their work, their words, their all that they do and say ? If they choose Beauty, they will find that wherever they are, and whatever they do, that she has always a sweet smile for them, is always young and fresh, can make hard tasks easy, and cloudy days cheerful ; that she has flow-

ers for the sick chamber, and stands by to enter with them the other world, where all is beauty. Ugliness is a very different sort of companion; she takes delight in tangling hair, in soiling dresses, in souring tempers, in spoiling voices, in making walks tedious, in changing pleasant homes into wearisome places, in making friends enemies, turning good food into bad, pleasant schooling into tiresome time, brothers and sisters into plagues, fathers and mothers into tyrants, riches into miserliness, and sickness into a dark chamber with physic. Ugliness never hears the music of birds, nor sees the beauty of flowers; she has eyes only to see what is bad, and ears to hear only what is discordant. She grins very horribly when a young person shows that they have chosen her for a companion, and loves to make them as ugly as herself, suggesting to them vulgar words, vulgar attitudes, vulgar companions, keeping from them the love of the good, making them forget the starry heavens above them, and the beautiful earth beneath their feet, hiding from them as far as she can, the truth that Beauty lives in the same world with herself, and is to live forever, while she, Ugliness, must die out with her works having no spiritual life, no life that will reach into that Paradise where all beauty and goodness dwell.

Now, surely no young person will choose such a companion as this, even when she assures them as she does, that they will like her, especially when they are out of temper; she is always near them at such moments, and looks very sympathizing, as if she would befriend and help such an one; but no, she never did help any one, she is too ugly to know how to do anything but keep herself ugly, and employ herself in making bad words

and sour krout. But it would take too much time to tell any more of her ugly ways. It seems she is very much afraid of Beauty, and there is no doubt if all the young people were to choose Beauty for their companion, that she would die outright, from mere spite. She always looks very small when Beauty comes near her, and humps up her back, and rolls herself into a ball like a hedgehog, and creeps off to meditate upon where she shall go for company; and the moment she hears an ugly screech she unrolls herself, stands upright, and before you know anything about it, she is right by the side of the screecher, gives a dab of her black paint-brush upon the face of said screecher, then she throws him upon the floor, and whispers some ugly word in his ear, pats him on the back to encourage him, and stays with him till the last; but as I said, it is in vain to attempt to tell all of Ugliness's ugly ways, and a still harder task to tell all the loving, sweet ways of Beauty; but she is oftener to be seen than Ugliness, and she is immortal.

This fairy land whence Beauty and Ugliness come, is around every one, it is the garden-spot that God gives to all when they come into this world; it has its fairies of Beauty and Ugliness, Order and Disorder, and many others, who all do our bidding. The Fairies work where we do not see them, but we know they are employed in this invisible place, and for this reason some call them underground people; it is here they make the ugly face radiant with beauty, and give to the beautiful face an expression of ugliness; their business is to make the *ways* of people, and not their *features*. s. c.²c.

MARY EVELYN.

BY E. R.

THERE is no reading that so much delights us as narrative ; that is, accounts of what our fellow-creatures have done, felt and thought. The virtues, or the sufferings of our fellow-beings interest us, because we have all one human heart, and can understand whatever other human beings suffer and enjoy ; we can feel with them and for them ; glowing with admiration when we read of their justice, their generosity, or their self-sacrifice, or melting with pity for their afflictions and their trials.

Besides admiration for the great and the good, and pity for the afflicted, and those who suffer wrong, we can learn much from good examples which the history of real life affords. A fable, or parable, pleases us because it resembles something which has actually happened, or might have happened. A *fiction* may instruct and entertain us, but a *fact* is still more instructive, and is often very entertaining likewise.

I am a friend of children, have been a teacher of young persons for nearly forty years, and take pleasure in my old age in whatever interests and improves the young. Whenever I read of the early wise and good, I always wish to set before young people their excellent example. A very eminent friend of mine once told me that he had been more industrious, and he believed that he had been a better man, because, when he was a youth, he had read the biography of Sir William Jones, and had thus been taught to honor the character of that excellent man.

The example I have before me just now, which seems to me very encouraging and affecting, is that of a young

lady who died nearly two hundred years ago. Mary Evelyn was the daughter of Mr. John Evelyn, an English gentleman of great worth and accomplishments, who wrote a very interesting account of her after her death, which happened when she was nineteen years of age.

Mary was born at Wotton, about twenty miles from London. The beautiful old house, with its pictures and its library, in which this lovely girl passed her early years, is still preserved, and is still regarded with a feeling of veneration as the former abode of a pious and accomplished family.

Mary was educated at home, chiefly by her father and mother, who were sometimes assisted by the tutor that instructed her brothers. She had a beautiful face, a graceful form, and very pleasing manners. To please and to do good was her constant endeavor, and it was therefore impossible to know and not to love her. Young, happy, and cherished by many friends, Mary Evelyn was deeply religious, spending part of every day in prayer, and in reading pious books. She read a great deal of history; the French language was as familiar to her as her mother tongue, and she studied the Italian.

This young lady did not feel satisfied with learning school tasks merely, but took pleasure in other and higher learning. She read to improve, as well as to amuse herself, and was able to give a good account of what she read, or saw. She took delight in the company of wise persons, and listened to their conversation with reverence. Her father introduced her to many excellent men and women, and she was happy in the privilege of knowing them.

Though Mary Evelyn enjoyed the exercises of piety and the conversation of grave persons, she was not less

cheerful and accomplished on that account ; she was capable of entertaining herself and others with music and dancing ; she found leisure to learn all that is necessary, and all that is becoming and ornamental, without neglecting the one for the other. She had a sweet voice which was cultivated by two Italian teachers of that day, Pietro, and Bartolomeo, and she played upon the harpsichord with such skill that she was accounted the best scholar of her masters.

These elegant accomplishments produced in her no vanity ; she never seemed pleased with herself because she excelled others ; her talents served to entertain her friends, and their satisfaction rewarded her for the pains she took to make herself agreeable to them.

“ What shall I say, or rather what shall I not say ? ” wrote her father, “ of the cheerfulness and agreeableness of her humor, — condescending to the humblest member of the family, she kept up their respect for her without the least pride.” She would often read to the domestics of her father’s household, would examine and instruct them, and would pray with them when they were sick.

She was remarkably sincere, and described what she had witnessed, with most scrupulous regard to truth. She never flattered any person. Though she was very lively and witty, she never ridiculed the infirmities of others, nor ever displayed her talents at the expense of those about her. She went sometimes to see a play, but when the pieces exhibited were not perfectly pure and moral she saw them with disgust, and sometimes refused to go to the theatre.*

* Mary Evelyn lived in the corrupt age of King Charles II. when the English stage was often disgraced by scenes that are not tolerated in the present day.

As Mary Evelyn delighted in reading, she was persevering in learning the sense of a book, and made notes and memoranda of what she read. Her father took great pleasure in aiding her studies. Nothing can be more beautiful than the intercourse of this father and daughter. Mary was so eager to gain knowledge that Mr. Evelyn, fearing that too severe application might injure her health, would sometimes send her from the study that she might divert herself with her young brothers and sisters.

In that study Mary made herself acquainted with the classic learning. Her father says in his Diary, which is now printed: — “She read abundance of history, and all the best poets, even Homer, Terence, Virgil, Plautus and Ovid, besides romances and modern poems. She read aloud both poetry and prose with just taste and enunciation, and wrote correctly according to the orthography of that time. She recited dramatic and other poetry with admirable expression, so that her father and his friends were often astonished at the feeling and judgment she displayed.

She would caress and play with little children with the sweetest tenderness, and the tones of her voice upon all occasions were expressive of delicacy and kindness. The pursuit of learning never interfered with the performance of her humblest duty. She was ingenious in all arts and ornaments suitable to ladies — used her needle skilfully, and dressed with neatness and taste.

Mr. Evelyn wrote a book upon the costumes of different countries; designing by it to show what apparel is rational and elegant, and what may be fantastic and inconvenient. In the preparation of this work he was as-

sisted by the information which Mary could afford him from her own reading and observation. "But all these were vain trifles," said her father, "compared to the virtues that adorned her soul;" and then he proceeds to describe those many excellencies.

Mary had been removed from her parents and friends before her father wrote the narrative of her brief and beautiful life, which gives the precious account of her. "Dear, sweet, and desirable child!" wrote he immediately after her death, "how shall I part with all this virtue and goodness without the bitterest sorrow! Nor less dear to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee were unparalleled; nor was thy return to her less conspicuous. How she mourns thy loss! How desolate hast thou left us!"

Near Wotton lived the family of Lord Falkland. That nobleman and his lady were among the most accomplished persons of that time, and Lady Falkland was particularly charmed with the lovely Mary Evelyn. In the autumn of 1684 this lady urged Mary's parents to permit their daughter to spend some time with her in London, and they consented, though the young lady never left home without reluctance. At the end of February Mary expressed a wish to return to her father and mother, "being tired," says her father, "of the vain and empty conversation of the town, the theatres, the court, and the trifling wits that consume so much precious time, and which made her miss that regular course of piety which gave her so much satisfaction." Though many excellent persons were found in this frivolous society, she could not enjoy its sin and folly.

Some ladies of the court — the king's family — wished

to obtain for Mary Evelyn the place of maid of honor to the queen of king Charles II. This station requires a lady to attend the queen whenever she chooses to call upon her, and to become one of her family. Mary would not accept a place that would deprive her of leisure and liberty, and the quiet she enjoyed at home.

Mary was about nineteen when she caught the small pox. Only two days before she left Lady Falkland, she went with her to the house of a friend whose servant lay ill with that disease, which so infected the house that the young lady took it. On the 7th of March, 1685, she became very ill, and at the end of a week died, to the inexpressible grief of her friends. She bore her sickness with patience and piety, and her last words expressed perfect resignation to the will of God.

Her father recorded his recollections of her admirable character in his Diary, and concludes it thus : — " This is an imperfect account of my dear child, whose piety, virtue and incomparable endowments deserve a monument more lasting than brass and marble." The true monument of the virtuous dead is in the hearts of the living. One hundred and sixty years, and more, have elapsed since this excellent young lady left the world ; but the memory of the just is blessed ; being dead she yet speaketh ; her example has long survived her, and is worthy to be followed by every young person.

Dr. Holden, the minister of the family, preached an appropriate sermon on the occasion of her death, " which drew tears and admiration from the hearers." I was not altogether unwilling that something of the kind should be spoken," said her father, " for the edification and encouragement of other young people."

This "edification and encouragement," belong as much to those who read of Mary Evelyn *now*, as to those who heard her funeral-sermon. Her piety, purity, industry and generosity; the love she showed to her parents, her brothers and sisters, and her friends; and her charity to the ignorant and the poor, can be practised by young persons now, as well as ever. The imitation of a good example is always possible; it never grows old, and is never worn out.

So much knowledge, so many accomplishments, so many virtues, were exemplified in one short life. What nature did for Mary Evelyn, is not done by Divine Providence for all, nor are all parents willing or able to afford their children such excellent instruction as she received. But she surpassed all that was done for her; she cultivated herself. In like manner, it is those only, whose self-pains exceeds the pains taken for them by others, who can become as amiable, as useful, and as much beloved as was Mary Evelyn.

In the Church of St. Nicholas, Deptford, is a marble mural tablet with the following inscription: —

Mary Evelyn,
Eldest daughter of John Evelyn,
and Mary his wife, born the last day of
September 1665, at Wotton in
the County of Surrey. A beautiful
young woman, endowed with shining
Qualities both of mind and body, infinitely
pious, the delight of her Parents and Friends.
She died March 17th 1685,
at the age of nineteen years,
regretted by all persons
of worth that knew her value.

RUTLAND, OR THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR 1460.

Woods near Wakefield Green, in Yorkshire, England. Turrets of a Castle seen above the trees. Enter a Monk, leading the young Earl of Rutland.

Rutland. I am weary — I am worn out — I can go no farther. Leave me, I beseech you, good father, and save yourself.

Monk. No soldier will harm this aged head of mine, or lay a violent hand on this sacred dress. I promised your good mother not to quit you, and I will not desert my charge in the hour of danger.

Rutland. But, holy father, that was when we were going forth only to look at my father's troops, as they marched peacefully about the green. She did not dream that the treacherous enemy was lying in ambush for them. Wicked, wicked wars!

Monk. My poor boy, you are pale with fatigue. This hasty flight suits neither such young limbs as yours, nor aged, trembling ones like mine. I think we are far from the bloody field now, and may venture to rest.

Rutland. Then I will drink some of the water from this bubbling brook, my lips are so parched! Is this the last day of the year? A sad, sad close, old year! How still and mild it is, here in the woods!

Monk. It seems still, indeed, after the dreadful tumult and din, from which we have escaped. There is no snow yet on the ground; lie down on the bank of moss and rest; the sun shines pleasantly.

Rutland. Oh ! if I could but know whether my poor father had escaped !

Monk. He is a strong and brave warrior, and has faithful followers. Trust me, he is safe.

Rutland. Then my mother — she is weeping, terrified, alone in her castle ! They will come and tell her that we are all slain, and there is not one of her children to comfort her. Oh ! how she begged me not to come forth to view the soldiers, this morning !

Monk. I saw the dear lady's pale face, as she looked after us, from her high window, and folded her hands together sadly. She was ill. But when these troubled times are over, you must return and stay with her, for you are her youngest.

Rutland. I will stay with her. Good priest, did God mean that there should be these bloody wars, and that men should betray and kill each other ? You do not answer me ? I think he did not ; and when I am a man, I will be a holy monk, as you are, father, and try to make men good.

Monk. My child, men will strive to make you ambitious. Some will tell you that you have a right to be king, if your brothers should die.

Rutland. I care not. I shall never wish to be king. Do you think kings are happier than other men ?

Monk. No : I have talked with many kings, and not one was happy.

Rutland. Are they any better than other men ?

Monk. I fear not ; — they have more temptations.

Rutland. Then why should I ever wish to be a king ? No, — I shall love your sober cloisters, and your painted books, and your holy prayers at midnight.

Monk. Your eyes grow heavy. Do not sleep; we must resume our flight. Methinks at times I still hear the cries of fugitives and prisoners.

Rutland. No — it is only the wind moaning among the leafless trees. My ears are quick, but I hear only the murmuring brook and the wind. I am overpowered with weariness.

Monk. Then I will sit beside you, and cover you with my cloak.

Rutland. God protect my dear father — and comfort my poor mother.

Monk. He is exhausted; he sleeps already. Gentle, affectionate boy! It would be a happy hour for England, if a being so pure, so high-minded as thou, should live to ascend her throne. Yet thou may'st be spoiled in these fierce and evil times! Before the dark beard is on thy cheek, what passions may be roused in the bosom that now heaves so placidly, in thy innocent slumbers! The spark sleeps in the flint till it is struck, and thou art sprung of the fiery race of Plantagenet. It would be better that thou shouldst lie dead beside the quiet forest fountain, where it gushes out, pure as thy own thoughts, than live till thy heart be hardened, thy upright mind warped from truth, thy hand stained with blood! Yet many would weep for thee now, young prince; and even I would shed bitter tears over thy early grave! Did I not hear harsh voices! — and steps that echo heavily through the forest? — They approach! — Wake, Rutland, — wake! No: I see two glittering warriors through the trees, and they are passing by. They do not perceive us. How soundly he sleeps! Ha! those strangers pause and listen! They turn this way, and my dim old

eyes cannot distinguish whether they be friends or foes. We cannot escape them now, they are so near. Sleep on, then, my precious charge! I will cover thee from their sight. Kind heavens! — the one whose visor is unclosed is the haughty Clifford — thy father's deadliest foe.

(Enter Clifford and another Warrior.)

Clifford. It is strange to be choked with thirst on a winter's day, but this hot pursuit — This way. I surely heard the gurgling sound of a brook! — Ha! who is this? — Whence come you, old monk, and why sit you here?

Monk. I paused to rest my aged limbs, as I traversed the wood, good knight; and little thought, as I told my beads, that mailed warriors would seek this lonely spot.

Clifford. Know you not, there has been a bloody fight on Wakefield Green to-day?

Monk. Alas! I beheld the dreadful onset, and turned my eyes from scenes so unmeet for a churchman's eye.

Clifford. Have you seen no fugitives pass this way?

(Rutland wakes, and throwing off the Monk's cloak, looks up wildly.)

Monk. Peace — child — sleep on! — these are but passing knights.

Clifford. Who is that youth? He has a noble face.

Monk. He is my fellow-traveller — a meek boy, that would fain be himself a barefooted friar.

Clifford. Have you seen no fugitives? I ask. Some tell me that York has escaped; and some say he is slain; but I will see him dead before I rest.

Monk. (holding Rutland down,) Lie still — lie still, thou foolish boy!

Rutland. Slain! do they say he is slain?

Clifford. Ha! who is this boy? Let him stand up, old man! Let me see and question him.

Rutland. Did I hear you say he was slain? What? — the Duke of York?

Knight. I saw the Duke of York struck from his horse, two hours ago.

Rutland. Oh! — my father!

Clifford. I thought so. This is young Rutland. I have lost my dagger; give me thine — quick — Stukely!

Monk. What — cruel Clifford! Will you murder this poor helpless boy? Spare him, for mercy's sake!

Clifford. His father did not spare mine. I must have revenge! Let go my arm, thou feeble monk!

Monk. Pray, Rutland, pray for life.

Rutland. I will pray to God: for I never harmed mortal man.

Clifford. Hold back this priest, Stukely! Every drop of Plantagenet's blood that flows is for the health of England. There is no peace till every son of York is in his grave. Die, urchin, die! (Stabbing him.)

Rutland. Mother! dear mother!

Clifford. So clear we the way to a throne! So die the sons of murderers! Come on, Stukely. Leave the priest to wail over him.

(*Clifford and his companion rush out.*)

Monk. My boy! my pupil! my beloved — speak to me. He is not yet dead. Can I not staunch the blood?

Rutland. Oh! my poor mother! She will look for me — lay my head on her knee. Water! water!

Monk. I will bring it in his cap. Wo is me! The blood has trickled through the dead leaves into the pure stream! I must go higher up.

Drink, now, poor wounded dove! Alas! alas! too late! The blow was dealt too surely, and the sweet spirit is fled! Oh, war! Oh, ambition! when will religion teach men to love peace, and free the world from horrid deeds like these! His mother! how shall I tell her that her darling, who left her so bright and beautiful as the sun rose, is lying, ere noon, cold — bleeding — dead — murdered! Must I take up my staff alone, and leave thee here? Farewell, for a little time, beautiful clay! The spirit that dwelt in it was yet more beautiful.

L. T. H.

GREATNESS is to goodness what gravel is to porphyry; the one is a movable accumulation swept along the surface of the earth; the other stands fixt and solid and alone after the violence of war and the tempest, above all that is residuous in a wasted world. Little men build up great ones; but the snow colossus soon melts; the good stand under the eye of God; and therefore stand.

LANDOR.

TO THE FIRST OF THE SERAPHIM, — DEATH.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

STARS! radiant stars!
 Ye that troop forth in your diamond cars!
 Who shall declare
 What bright things bless your dwellings fair!
 "Tis I! 't is I!"
 O! Seraph, dost thou deign reply?
 Yes! I know the tone of that voice entrancing,
 And I turn to meet
 Its whispering sweet,
 And to catch, if it may be, thy balmy breath,
 And to bask in the light from thy clear eyes glancing;
 For the voice is thine,
 Thou spirit of essence the most divine,
 Guide to the better land — benignant Death.

Flowers! gem-like flowers!
 Ye light Earth's else benighted bowers!
 But who shall tell
 The charms that in your deep cups dwell?
 "Tis I! 't is I!"
 Comes on the zephyr the prompt reply!
 But, Violet, 't is not thy perfumed sigh,
 And 't is not, Rose! thy fragrant breath,
 But thine — oh! thine,
 Thou spirit of essence the most divine,
 Best friend and fairest hope! benignant Death.

Moon! spectral Moon!
 Gliding through pale night's haunted noon!
 Who shall withdraw
 The veil that shrouds thy being's law?
 "This hand! this hand!"
 Again! again those accents bland,
 But 'tis not the music of worshipping spheres
 That comes to bless thy votaries' ears,
 And 'tis not the voice of a sinking star
 Pouring in praises its latest breath,
 But a voice of import dearer far,
 Thine! yes, thine!
 Thou spirit of essence the most divine,
 Best friend and fairest hope, — benignant Death.

Waves! glittering waves!
 Ye that lie soft-o'er a myriad graves,
 How shall I know
 What ye conceal in your depths below?
 "Through me! through me!"
 In music floats o'er the sounding sea,
 But 't is not thou,
 Bright southland breeze, that art whispering now,
 Not thou that through the bosom stealing,
 Wakest the troubled depths of feeling.
 'T is a warmer, a purer, a dearer breath,
 Thine! yes, thine!
 Thou spirit of essence the most divine,
 Guide to the better land — serenest Death.

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT.

THERE is a low, deep music in the wind,
Sounding at intervals when all is still,
Heard only by the pure in heart, who find
Joy in their daily task, doing their Maker's will.

Be they in velvet clad, or russet stole,
In hall or hut, theirs is that low, sweet chime,
Solemn, yet cheerful, speaking to the soul
Of joys that rest not in this stranger clime.

Loud music cannot quench it, nor the sound
Of mighty voices, like the mingled roar
Of tossing waves that with delirious bound
Leap onward in their fury to the shore ; —

Nor yet the jarring sounds of bustling life,
Whose weary footsteps toil in quest of gain
In dusty marts, 'mid sickening scenes of strife,
Till the worn spirit longs for rest — in vain.

Yet few do hear it : either care or pride,
Or thoughts unholy, folly, grief, or crime,
Whelming the soul beneath their rushing tide,
Hinder the coming of that low, sweet chime.

Men's hearts are heavy, or they would not slight
Their spirit's oneness with so pure a strain,
Though faint as when the far-off torrent's might
Seems as a murmur stealing o'er the plain.

From source far mightier comes that low, sweet sound,
Than deep, deep waters thundering to the ear ;
From harps and mingled voices that resound
With anthems high through heaven's eternal year.

ANON.

THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A CONTINUATION OF THE 'GRATEFUL SCHOLARS.'

MOST of our young friends are interested, either for themselves or their companions, in the school examinations now so generally held at this season of the year; and a few of them, we presume, still remember Mr. Mann's lively description, in his report on education, of the foreign schools which he visited. The end of all reading being to compare things that differ and approve such as are excellent, we give our readers an opportunity of so doing, in the following detailed account of a German village-school, which was probably taken from actual fact. They will find that it unites our Sabbath and day-school instruction more intimately than is usual among ourselves, and that the festival following the examination nearly resembles some of our own rural picnics. They will also again recognise the grateful scholars, John and Jacob Thann.

"Mr. Flint had greatly enlarged his wealth by the diligent prosecution of his glass-works and attention to many other kinds of business, and at length purchased the largest estate in the village. Mr. Flint was a very intelligent, as well as benevolent man. Among many other things, he particularly directed his attention to the school. He entered it unexpectedly one winter day, when it was storming and snowing violently. The cler-

gyman who daily visited the school, was present then, and the children were just singing a winter hymn. They all rose respectfully. Mr. Flint saluted first the clergyman and schoolmaster, and then the children, in a very friendly manner. He expressed his pleasure at their singing, and requested them to repeat the hymn once more. He then went from bench to bench, conversed with the children, inquired the names of their parents, with whom he was for the most part acquainted, and asked after their welfare. When he spied John and Jacob Thann, he laughed, and said to them, 'You are old acquaintances already; you are my little strawberry and raspberry men. However, I should now like to hear what the children have learned. Ask them some questions, my dear pastor, out of the catechism.' The clergyman questioned now this, and now that child, and the children answered extremely well.

They were next called to read. They read not only very correctly, but also plainly and with expression; not in a sing-song tone, as it is called, but in the natural lively manner in which they speak and are accustomed to express their surprise, pleasure, dislike, and other emotions.

While the children were reading, Mr. Flint took up their writing books which were lying on the table, and looked over them. 'I am very well pleased,' said he, 'with your proficiency in the beautiful accomplishment of good writing; and now I should like to see how it is with your spelling. I will dictate to you some of the rhymes which I recollect from my boyish days, and do you write them off on your blackboards.' He selected four boys to come out from their seats. 'Write,' said

he, 'each of you a line.' They wrote without a single mistake, after his dictation; he then selected four little maidens, who wrote very promptly in a neat hand, with scarcely a mistake.

'Now,' said Mr. Flint, 'I will try whether I can succeed as well. Do you, John Thann, give me a rhyme instantly. You must know some one by heart.' John felt a little abashed at setting a lesson for so great a gentleman. Mr. Flint blundered excessively, on purpose, in writing it off. The children perceived at once that he was only in sport, and began to laugh. 'Oh, oh,' they cried at every new mistake, and laughed afresh. 'Now,' said he, 'as you know so much better, please to draw a line under the wrong letters. Let each of you mark only one. Here is the chalk. Let every child in turn, according to the order of your sitting, step forward and make his mark.' The children pointed out each fault correctly, with a stroke, and at the same time told why it was wrong.

'Now,' said he again, 'you, Jacob Thann, must write the lines as they ought to be;' and Jacob wrote them very correctly on a clean board. 'I should like to know, now,' said Mr. Flint, 'whether you can also reckon.' The children first did some sums by head. To his surprise, they performed them very quickly, and always with perfect accuracy. He then caused them to do several on their slates, and was extremely gratified with their promptness.

'And now one thing more,' said he. 'I perceive some maps hanging yonder on the wall, but I cannot see of what country they are?' 'Of Germany!' cried the children. 'I can hardly believe that,' said he. 'Should

Germany look *so*? I nowhere see any mountains, or valleys, or trees; no houses nor steeples.' 'Because,' said John, 'it is not drawn nor painted; if Germany could be represented in such a little space, with its mountains and valleys, woods and fields, cities and villages, it would look incomparably beautiful. But this sheet is nothing but a map, a ground-sketch.'

'What do you exactly call a map?' asked Mr. Flint. 'What is seen on it, do you know?' The clergyman answered for them, 'They know how to delineate little maps very well.' The teacher made a point in the middle of the table, and said, 'We will suppose that the castle of Waldan stands here; now where lies the village of Waldan?' A boy indicated the village with a point. 'It is a quarter of a league from the castle to the village,' said the teacher, 'now where, and how far off, should the glass works be marked?' 'Here, to the right,' said Jacob, and placed his point four times farther from the village than the castle was. The teacher now made them point to where the hamlets of Forstheim and Anweiler, the mill, the farm-yard and other parts of the manor were situated. 'One thing, however, we have forgotten,' said the pastor, 'the hunting-lodge, I will place a point for it here to the right.' 'Oh no!' cried all the children, 'it lies directly on the opposite side to the glass works, and a quarter of a league nearer to the village. The point must come here to the left.' 'Come, John,' said Mr. Flint, 'you often visit the city. Point to the spot where it lies.' 'That cannot be done,' said John. 'The city is nearly three leagues from here, and there is not room enough for it on the table.' 'Cannot you at least point out the road which leads thither?' asked Mr.

Flint; John drew two fine straight lines through the whole table, to describe the road which led through the manor to the city.

The clergyman then said, 'Cannot you, Jacob, mark out the brook which flows through the village?' Jacob drew a serpentine line from one end of the table to the other, passing by the glass-works, between the castle and the village, and in front of the mill. He marked the bridges over it with two little oblique lines, and the foot bridges with one.

'But,' said Mr. Flint, 'supposing some one should enter the school, he would not know what you were all doing. How could he understand the meaning of all these nearly imperceptible points?' The boys now surrounded every point with a ring, that the eye might more readily discern it; and they wrote over each, its name, as, 'castle of Waldan,' 'village of Waldan,' 'Anweiler,' 'glass works,' &c. &c.

'Very well,' said Mr. Flint, 'we now easily see what are the names of the places, and their greater or less distance from Waldan, your own residence. But we do not yet see the signification of these distances — whether, for example, it is half a leauge or a whole league to the glass works. Do you know how to express it, John?' 'Oh yes,' said John, 'by a mile scale.' He drew a straight line on the lower side of the table, and said, 'This shows the length of a mile, or of two leagues.' He divided it with little cross strokes, to show the spaces of the half and whole leagues. 'The distance from one place to another,' said he, 'can now be easily seen.' Mr. Flint was greatly pleased that the children could draw maps of his estate so neatly.

The teacher now turned from this little map to that of Germany. He took it down from the wall and hung it by the blackboard. With a bare glance at the map the children were able to state the kingdoms, dukedoms and principalities which constituted Germany, together with its boundaries and chief cities. They named the principal rivers of Germany, and the cities situated on their banks. They were able to say towards which of the four points of the compass one should proceed, in travelling from Waldan to Muntz, Stuttgard or Karlsruhe; Vienna, Dresden or Berlin, and through what cities he would pass. With the assistance of a mile-scale and a circle, they were also able to find the distances of these places from one another. Whatever could not be seen on the map, the teacher had taught them orally, for instance, how many inhabitants and what curiosities each of the more important cities contained, what were its principal sources of gain, and what were the productions of each territory. He now questioned the children upon these subjects, and they answered extremely well.

Mr. Flint inquired whether the children attended to nature, or had learned any part of natural history? 'As much,' replied the pastor, 'as could be taught in a very limited time and without any special books of instruction; I have my own views on the subject, and I use for it the holy Scriptures, with which the children are supplied.'

'I should like to hear,' said Mr. Flint, 'how you employ them.' The pastor said, 'The Bible is the best interpretation of nature. God's word spreads the most beautiful light over God's works. The history of the creation of the world is at once a grand living picture of

heaven and earth ; it gives us a comprehensive view of light and air, water and land, of the sun, moon and stars, of grass, herbs and trees, of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and other animals. How gloriously the history of the creation shows in what relation man stands to his Creator and the whole creation ! Man was made in God's image, and the earth with everything upon it, was subject to him. The fruit of the trees was pointed out to the first man for nourishment, and the beasts were brought before him. Scripture then shows farther how men cultivated the soil, tamed or hunted the animals, worked with iron and the other metals, and so subdued the whole earth to themselves. What rich instruction can be produced from all this by a wise preceptor ! The holy Scriptures furnish us with innumerable guide-posts, directing to the way in which we should contemplate the separate works of God — men, plants and animals. What deep meaning lies in the words, " He that formed the eye, shall not he see ? He that planted the ear, shall not he hear ? " How lovely are the words of Jesus : " Consider the lilies of the field ! Behold the birds of the air ! " how beautifully does he himself interpret them ! We are even sent to school to the ants, in order to learn wisdom.

And what beautiful comparisons has Christ, the Lord of all, of the greatest as well as least in nature, derived, from the seed grain, for example ! ' The pastor then put some questions to the children ; first, upon the external appearance of a seed-grain, and the occasion it gives us for admiring the wisdom, omnipotence and goodness of God. He conducted his questions on the subject very skilfully, showing how the stem and ear which issue from the grain, must have been hidden in it, in a most won-

derful artistic manner, so that a single grain should produce an inconceivable, incalculable number of other grains ; and that this powerful energy, always renewing itself, testified the omnipotence of the Deity, while at the same time, these wonders of God's wisdom and omnipotence proclaim to us his goodness in nourishing and sustaining the temporal life of millions of men, by means of these little invisible seed-grains. Hereupon the pastor asked the children what beautiful parables Jesus himself had derived from the seed-corn ; and what they taught us to do for ourselves, in order that God's word might take root in our hearts and bring forth fruit, and that we might attain to everlasting life ; and in what manner the seed-corn was an emblem of death and life, the grave and the resurrection.

'All this is indeed better,' said Mr. Flint, 'and more improving and instructive, than the scientific names of plants and animals, to which the elementary schools in country places are for the most part confined ; for they do not deserve to be called natural history.'

'I am reminded here,' he continued, 'of an answer once given by a child at an examination, which pleased me exceedingly. After having been abundantly questioned concerning the three kingdoms of nature, the mineral, the animal and the vegetable, upon being asked to which kingdom man belonged, it answered, "To the kingdom of heaven." To that indeed, all instruction should tend.'

Mr. Flint now praised the teacher, testified his satisfaction to the children and encouraged them to farther industry. 'I am aware,' he said, 'that our good pastor often makes presents to you, in order to excite in you a

greater taste for learning. He has sent here many a beautiful basket full of apples, pears or plums from his great orchard, and divided them among you. I have nothing now with me that I can give you; but at the next school examination I will take care to provide pretty books, which shall be distributed as prizes among the best scholars, both the girls and the boys.' He had noticed that some of the children were dressed, cleanly indeed, but very meanly, and were in fact very poor. He therefore added, 'I shall besides allot a sum for the poorest of the children, who distinguish themselves by their industry and good behaviour, which will aid the boys who are willing to learn a trade, in paying the apprentice-fees, and serve the girls for a future dowry; I will also give them new clothes.'

The children went home delighted and told their parents that the great gentleman had been at their school, and how he had praised them and what fine promises he had made them. They now went to school with new zeal, and learned far more diligently than before. John and Jacob too told at home what the good gentleman had said to the school. 'It would be real good luck,' said their mother, 'if you should be able to get better clothes and a help to an apprenticeship, in reward for your industry.' Until now, the mother had strenuously insisted that the two boys should constantly spin through all the winter evenings, and took no pleasure in seeing them sit down to their books or to writing, arithmetic or learning by heart. But for the future she was quite willing that they should so employ themselves, and said, 'If you should succeed in gaining the promised rewards, they will be more useful to us than all you could have earned

by spinning. 'And supposing,' said the father, 'that they receive no prize, the learning will yet be of more use to them in the whole of their future lives, than the few pennies which they could earn by spinning all winter.'

From the school Mr. Flint had accompanied the minister to the parsonage. He was in the highest degree gratified with the good condition of the school, and said to him, "My dear pastor, we will make the next school examination a greater affair than it has been before. I should like to have all the parents present. But there is not room enough in the schoolhouse. I think you can have no objection to holding the examination in the church?"

'By no manner of means,' said the worthy pastor; 'the church and the school are next door neighbors, or rather blood relations. All the instruction imparted at school ought, in order to be good for anything, were it but practicable, to have a bearing on religion. Yet now, in regard to the public examination, it is no more than proper that it should be open for the parents — that they should know how their children are instructed and what they learn; but I am of opinion that the first class only should be publicly examined; the examination of the lower classes should take place in the schoolhouse alone, in presence of the appointed overseers. The examination would otherwise be too long, and the hearers would grow weary and impatient. The middle class might then follow next year, and the lowest the year after, in succession: so that all the children would be publicly examined.' Mr. Flint thought the suggestion good, and agreed to it entirely.

The first day of May was appointed for the examination. Mr. Flint invited some of the gentry and their wives, with the magistrates of the neighborhood to attend it. The minister invited the neighboring clergymen, and the schoolmaster the teachers in the vicinity. On the previous Sunday the pastor announced from the pulpit the day and hour of the approaching examination, and in the most friendly manner advised the parents to make their appearance on the occasion.

The church was very kindly decorated for this childrens' festival. Mr. Flint procured a beautiful picture, representing the divine Friend of children, surrounded by the mothers and their little ones. The picture was designed for a present to the school, and was to delight and instruct the children and their parents, for the first time at the school examination. Mr. Flint was very sorry that the gilt frame could not be finished in season; but Mrs. Flint provided a border for it of spring flowers and fresh green, which set off the picture to even greater advantage than any gilt frame. The picture was placed over the high altar, and on each side of it stood a number of plants in full blossom, which had been taken from the splendid greenhouse. Both the walls next the altar, as on high feast days, were covered with handsome crimson hangings, which Mrs. Flint had presented to the church soon after taking possession of the manor-house. The writing-pieces of the children, consisting of beautiful verses selected from the holy Scriptures, were fastened to these hangings with pins; and the white leaves on the bright red ground, struck the eye at a distance very agreeably. A row of chairs had been brought from the villa and the parsonage for the more distinguished guests.

In front, stood a table covered with a colored cloth. The reading books of the children with their writing books lay upon it, containing specimens of accounts, discharges, receipts, letters on business, and the like. The brightly bound prize-books also, were set on the table in shining rows.

The parents, the grown up youths and maidens, indeed the whole parish, convened in the church at the appointed hour. The great man of the village, with the neighboring gentry, magistrates and clergymen, collected at the parsonage, and the teachers at the schoolhouse. When the clock struck two, all the school children in their holiday attire, proceeded in admirable order from the school to the church. All the stranger guests followed them.

The examination commenced with a devotional hymn, copies of which, written by the scholars, were distributed among the distinguished guests. The children sang together very prettily, and with devotion. The pastor then made a little address. He took occasion from the lovely portrait of the divine friend of children, to inculcate upon the hearts of the parents the pleasing duty of training up their children well. After the address the pastor requested now one, and now another of the clergymen who were present, to question the children upon their religious instruction. The children, not altogether, but only the child to whom the question was put, answered admirably. When one or another hesitated, which seldom happened, all who thought they could answer, raised a finger, and the teacher named the one who should reply.

After the examination in religion, they read. The

visitors were at liberty to choose the passages for reading. The lower division of the class read first, and then the upper; the children who were least prepared beginning and those who had made the greatest proficiency ending. In this way, the attention of the hearers was constantly fixed, and their satisfaction kept upon the increase. If here and there a child did not read a word quite correctly, the mistake was not reproved by the teacher. 'For now,' he said, 'the children are here not to learn, but to show what they *have* learned. Censure therefore would only alarm them and make them become timid and begin to stammer. Besides, the visitors will notice for themselves the mistakes in the reading, without needing their attention to be called to them.' The children read in a loud, but not a screaming tone, so beautifully and distinctly that almost every one in the church understood them and was surprised and delighted.

Before the lower class however began to read, the teacher had requested the respected patrons of the school to give a theme for composition, or a letter, to the upper division. Mr. Flint gave the following, 'that whatever child was to quit the school this year, should thank the teacher for the instruction that had been received.' After the reading from books was finished, the children were called to read the letters they had composed. All of them had expressed their gratitude towards the teacher very affectionately; and some of the girls were so moved in reading their letters, that they even wept, and could hardly finish reading them.

They now came to the arithmetic. At the request of the teacher, one of the magistrates who was present, proposed at his own pleasure a sum for computation.

Two or three scholars of the upper division calculated it upon the large blackboard which was so placed, that the rest of the scholars who were to do it on their slates, could not see the figures on the board.

While this division was silently occupied with the written calculation, the lower division was required to reckon by head. The gentlemen and ladies present were requested to give the examples from household life. The children wrote off the numbers as they found them, in large distinct figures, with the best white chalk, on their clean black slates, which they then held up with both hands, over their heads, so that everybody could see them. As they did the sums very quickly and wrote the answers correctly, almost in a moment, the spectators were not a little gratified. Here and there, when a child had made a mistake and exhibited a number which did not agree with the others, the wrong number was called out, not without laughter, and the child hid his slate with all speed. Mr. Flint's steward, who was a master hand at written accounts, but not quite familiar with all the other arts of reckoning, was surprised at their rapid and correct solution of many of the questions. The children were always required to explain how they had obtained the solution. He laughed and at length acknowledged that he had learned a great deal at this examination. 'This mode of reckoning,' said he, 'is not only an excellent exercise for the understanding, but it can be made very useful in the house and at the market.'

The upper division meanwhile had finished their written specimens in arithmetic. The sum was written off on the board in plain, beautiful ciphers, with perfect

accuracy. The slates too, on which the same had been computed, with the aid of slate-pencils, were handed round among the visitors, and nearly all the solutions were found to be correct.

While the large blackboard was still set up, the children were required to give a specimen of spelling. An old clergyman dictated to them a religious proverb. It was the following. 'To love God is the beauty of wisdom; the fear of the Lord is the root of wisdom, and its branches are forever green.' In an instant the proverb was transcribed by the children on their slates, with the utmost plainness and accuracy.

Next came geography. The teacher first produced a map of the manor of Waldan, and fastened it on the board. Upon this map, the mansion house, village and other places were indicated, not merely by rings, but painted with bright colors, so that they could be recognized. The woods and the brook were shown in beautiful green and blue. This map needed little explanation. The teacher next unrolled a beautiful map of Germany. He knew how to question so well, and the children knew how to answer so well, that many a countryman present was able to form a more distinct idea of Germany than he had had before.

With Geography the pastor united Natural History, as far as he thought the teaching of it in the school advisable. He asked the children in what plants, animals or minerals, this or that territory of Germany particularly abounded; in what way many of the products of the earth were elaborated in the cities, and what things were brought by traffic from many distant cities to the place where the children resided. Hereupon he repeated with

the children some passages from the 103d and 104th Psalms, wherein the works of God are magnificently set forth, and which the children knew by heart. The pastor also applied to Germany the glorious words, "O Lord, how great and marvellous are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all, the earth is full of thy goodness."

After the examination the prizes were distributed. The kind patron handed the prize-books to the boys, and his amiable wife did the same to the girls. The two brothers, John and Jacob, received, to the great joy of their parents, the first prize. The worthy gentleman next named the poor girls and boys whom he intended to present besides with new clothes and a sum of money. Here too, John and Jacob were first mentioned.

'Indeed,' said Mr. Flint, 'not only the children deserve to be praised and rewarded for their industry, but their good teacher most especially.' He then handed him a writing which contained, not only praise but compensation, being an order for grain and money, to be paid him by the receiver of his rents.

In conclusion, the children sang once more a joyful thanksgiving hymn. Both children and parents were highly delighted, and many of the mothers and fathers had tears in their eyes. The children were now invited into the garden of the manor-house, and entered it in a beautiful procession. Two long tables were spread on a lovely green plat, one for the boys and one for the girls. The tables were bountifully supplied with cakes and large dishes full of pastry together with some flasks of wine. Also some baskets full of beautiful apples adorned them, which had been produced in great quantities

the preceding summer by the trees of this very garden, and had been kept until they were again in blossom. The boys and girls merrily seated themselves at the tables on long benches and had excellent appetites. It was a pleasure to the gentry and other guests to look at them. After the children had eaten and drank, they sang some spring hymns, which seemed peculiarly appropriate on the beautiful spring day and in the splendid garden full of trees in blossom. Some of the schoolmasters accompanied the singing with clarionettes and French horns. All the children declared that they had never spent so pleasant a day in their lives. The parents could not sufficiently thank and praise the good school and the kind patron. There was no longer any need of compulsion to make the children go to school. L. O.

EXHIBITION OF THE CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION.

WE advise all our young readers to obtain permission to visit this Exhibition at Faneuil Hall, where they may see so much that is beautiful, curious and useful. The machinery, working by steam-power, the beautifully painted, inlaid and japanned tables and furniture, the stuffed birds, the cut glass, and ten thousand other things will well repay a long visit. There too is to be seen the very plough used by Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It was a great pleasure to see this Exhibition. ED.

"SEEM NOT — BE."

(TYCHO BRAHE'S MOTTO.)

Out on seeming! shall life ever
Garb itself in hollow shows,
But a stagnant pool, plague-spreading,
O'er which green but thinly grows —
But a jungle through whose verdure
Glide all shapes most foul to see? —
Off with empty shows of virtue!
Off with semblance! — SEEM NOT — BE.

Out on all this hollow mouthing —
Timed devotion — fashioned prayer!
Where, while breath's alone adoring,
Sleeps the soul, and takes no care!
Where, through easeful self-delightment,
Six times runs the flood of day,
And the seventh's feigned abasement
Life's great debt is held to pay.

Out on all these masques of goodness
This our life doth vaunting wear,
Through whose eyes the subtle evil,
And sloth's sleepy eyeballs glare!
Not for forms of breath-devotion —
For the shows of good ye see,
Was life given, but for true working —
Scorn thou semblance — SEEM NOT — BE.

W. C. BENNETT.

London Inquirer.]

AGE OF ANIMALS.

A BEAR rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fifteen or sixteen; lions are long-lived — Pompey lived to the age of seventy. The average of cats is fifteen years; a squirrel or hare seven or eight years — rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought valiantly for the king, and naming him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years afterwards. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years. The rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier thinks it probable that whales sometimes live one thousand years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of one hundred and seven years.—*Christian World.*